



Best Remedy. East Providence, R. I., Jan. 1898.
"I have used St. Jacobs Oil for many years, and it has cured me of many ailments, and I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, or any other kind of pain."
O. W. HORTON.

Ladder Fall, Col. Jan. 1898.
"I have used St. Jacobs Oil for many years, and it has cured me of many ailments, and I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, or any other kind of pain."
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Knee-Cap Hurt. Jan. 1898.
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Dislocation. Jan. 1898.
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O. W. HORTON.

Marriage-Knot. Jan. 1898.
"I have used St. Jacobs Oil for many years, and it has cured me of many ailments, and I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, or any other kind of pain."
O. W. HORTON.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

The liquor laws of Missouri will not be changed by the present Legislature.
GRAND and petit jurors will henceforth receive \$2 per day in place of \$1.50.
THERE is not a vacant residence or store room in Mexico and there is a demand for both.

THE word "worker" is shut out under the new mode of conducting elections and the general public is happy.

PARTIES in the West inclined to snobbery should take warning from the fate of McAllister's 400 in New York.

THE Missouri Legislature should fix up a machine so the public could put a nickel in the slot and see the revised statutes come out.

THE associated press is a Republican concern and gave Missouri the worst of it in reporting the centennial celebration in New York.

ABOUT as many came back from Washington City filled with disgust and bad whiskey as came back from Oklahoma filled with bad whiskey and disgust.

THE centennial celebration at New York appears to have been little less than a howling mob. If George was there in spirit we guess he was glad he is dead.

THE members of the Legislature are now drawing only \$1 per day and most of them are anxious to get home, and for once the House and the public are in rapport so to speak.

IN THE death of Ralph Coatsworth, the business community loses an active worker; Mexico loses a prominent citizen, and the family mourns the loss of a devoted and loving father.

THE hole-in-the-ground is not as deep by about 20 feet as it was three weeks ago, at a cost of \$7 per day during that time. *Pro rata*, the hole will be full and the money gone by Thanksgiving day.

IF there is not a decrease in activity in organizing wild west shows, the United States will have difficulty in securing an Indian for the Washington zoological garden. Union Square is full of actors who wish they were aboriginal instead of original.

IN the light of the fact that there is not water enough for the Oklahoma settlers to drink, Secretary Noble may rescind his decision excluding whisky from that territory. It is for scientific men to determine whether the saving would offset the great demand for water "the next morning."

BUSINESS men should not complain that business is dull at this season of the year. The farmers of Audrain county are too thrifty to spend their time in Mexico when the "sun shines." No where do the farmers, as a class, more thoroughly till the soil than in Audrain county, and the crops raised will bear us out in this statement.

"ON ITS MERITS."
The Senate is composed, as a rule, of men of character and intelligence. We are satisfied that they will consider the inspection bill on its merits, uninfluenced by the blabberings of the dressed beef lobby.—*Intelligencer*, April 25th.

THE local inspection bill was defeated in the Senate yesterday.

THE Minnesota papers are just now teeming with nonsense about an alleged sentiment prevailing in Missouri for the pardon of the Youngers. If such a sentiment exists the people know nothing of it. Missourians are attending strictly to their own business now, and half of them couldn't tell you where the Youngers are in imprisonment.

THERE are some Democratic newspapers in this State which desire to boss the party and will either rule or ruin. They read every man out of the party who doesn't think as they do and corrupt motives are imputed to every one who does not do as they demand.

THE sooner the party sits down like a pile of straw on such so-called "organs," the better it will be. The party in Missouri needs no self-congratulation and will not tolerate bulldozing.

MEXICO WEEKLY LEDGER.

R. M. WHITE, Editor and Proprietor.

To Our Pride in the Past and Our Hope for the Future. Let Us Add Vigorous Work in the Living Present.

[\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. XXXI.

MEXICO, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1889.

NO. 5.

GOVERNOR FRANCIS attended the Centennial celebration at New York City. He was accompanied by 424 of the uniformed National Guard of Missouri. On their march through the streets of the city they were enthusiastically cheered. Gen. Noble said:

"The appearance of Missouri's militia will compare favorably with any I have seen here to-day, and the bringing of them to the ceremony is worth millions of dollars to the State. Gov. Francis certainly deserves the highest praise for his action in this matter and the Legislature should most certainly make the appropriation to reimburse him for the expense."

The State could not expend the money in a more beneficial way. It would have been a great mistake not to have sent them."

The Legislature of this State passed what is known as the "Grain Gambling Bill." This bill prohibits the sale of grain stocks and bonds where the seller does not actually have the full amount of the article sold in his possession or under his control. The passage of the bill created quite a sensation among the grain and commission men. All that it lacks of becoming a law is the approval of Gov. Francis.

A Figure Puzzle.
From the Philadelphia Times.

The following is a very curious puzzle. Try it, all of you:

Open a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines, and within the tenth word from the end of the line. Mark the word.

Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by 5.

Then add 20.

Then add the number of the line you have selected.

Then add 5.

Multiply the sum by 10.

Add the number of the word in the line. From this sum subtract 250, and the remainder will indicate in the unit column the number of the word; in the ten column the number of the line, and the remaining figures the number of the page.

New Laws.
From the Franklin County Observer.

Champ Clark's criminal insane bill has passed. The bill provides for the establishing of the insanity of a person charged with a crime by the decision of a jury upon the testimony of a reputable person and when so declared insane, whether the insanity occurred before or after the commission of the crime, it shall be the duty of the Court to commit said insane criminal to some lunatic asylum until he recovers, nor shall he be tried or punished for such crime until after recovery.

Mr. Clark's insurance bill was also passed. Under the provisions of this bill all foreign insurance companies doing business in Missouri, are taxed 1 1/2 per cent of their gross earnings.

The above law regarding insanity bears on Roden's case, providing he can get a continuance.

The Oldest Obelisk.

The oldest of all the obelisks is the beautiful one of rosy granite which stands alone among the green fields upon the banks of the Nile, not far from Cairo. It is the grave-stone of a great ancient city which has vanished and left only this relic behind. The city was the famous Heliopolis of the Scriptures, the Heliopolis, on which is memorable to all Bible readers as the residence of the priest of Potipherah, whose daughter, Asenath, Joseph married. The Greeks called it Heliopolis, the city of the sun, because there the worship of the sun had its chief center and its more sacred shrines.

Missouri at the Centennial.
From the Jefferson City Tribune.

The Missouri delegation which attended the inaugural celebration at New York has been the recipient of many compliments. Not a single act of impropriety was committed by a man from Missouri.

Other State delegations, particularly the Pennsylvania men, made the occasion one of general debauchery and rowdiness. The Missourians were recognized as the most gentlemanly delegation in attendance at the great celebration. They proved a credit to the State and deserve a public vote of thanks.

A Standard Work.
From the New York Sun.

People talk about the phenomenal sales of "Robert Elsmere" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and yet there is one book, issued from one publishing house, the sales of which quadruple all these taken together, and this book is the Bible. During the past year, the Bible society has sent out 1,326,672 copies, and in the seventy-two years of its existence the society has issued nearly 50 million Bibles. At present the presses are turning off 4,000 copies per day of the work.

Governor Francis has not forgotten his election that he is the guardian of the reputation of a great state, and the result of his deep interest is that Missouri was one of the most conspicuous and admired states represented in the great centennial celebration at New York. The friends of Governor Francis have no fears that the progress which was promised should take place in Missouri under the management of his administration will be made. Missouri is more widely and favorably known through the efforts of our governor than she has ever been in her history.—*Ex.*

Wm. Bedell is home from Fayette.

J. T. Bryns is back to Audrain on a visit.

Miss Rose Hite has our thanks for a nice lot of Texas strawberries.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dohy died last Thursday.

See the advertisement of C. H. & J. S. Brown's sale of fine cattle.

Mrs. Sudie Mosby will spend the summer with Middletown relatives.

John Walden killed a six foot black snake north of Mexico yesterday.

W. H. Brett, who lives just south of Mexico, is raising a couple of deer.

Miss Belle Morris will leave soon with a party of friends to make a summer tour of Europe.

Joseph Muster, a prominent citizen of Martinsburg, attended the afternoon ball game here Tuesday.

Mrs. D. Berks and father, Wm. Campbell, have returned from Texas to Laddonia to remain permanently.

Geo. Kabrich sold his mare, Flora Temple, to A. Barrel, from Pennsylvania, for \$200. She sold since for \$350.

"Doc" Smith is home from a visit in Arkansas and says he saw no place which suited him better than Audrain county.

Bob Farmer, a brother of L. D. Farmer, formerly of this city, fell dead with heart disease at Cedar City yesterday.

Dr. J. E. Dunbar, the well known specialist, is at Middletown. The doctor will be in Mexico in a few days to see his friends.

The trial of Rodgers is set for the fourth Monday in May, but the defense will likely get a continuance in order to get the benefit of the new law regarding insanity.

C. A. Kretton and family have removed to Excelsior Springs to reside permanently. They have a host of friends in Mexico who wish them well in their new home.

Will Harper, of Kansas City, is visiting his relatives near Thompson. Mr. Harper is a Kansas City militiaman and is on his way home from the New York celebration.

Burglars broke into W. O. Johnson's store Thursday night and stole a lot of flour, knives and some change out of the drawer. They broke the front door open with a crow-bar.

Fathers are apt to give the boys the poorest team and the poorest tools on the place to work with; but it is bad policy if the boys are to be encouraged to become good farmers.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has elected the following committee to attend the State Convention at St. Louis this week: Mrs. S. M. Martin, Mrs. J. A. Richardson, Elder H. B. Davis and Otis Purdy.

Charlie Clendenin, of near Worcester, has engaged with his brother-in-law, Tom Gibson, of Mexico, in the poultry business. Mr. Clendenin is a young man of much business ability and will succeed in his new undertaking.

A farmer's wife says the oldest, cheapest, most reliable incubator is a big-bodied, short-legged, rusty-looking yellow hen that would rather set on a pile of brick than lay an egg. She will scratch up the flower garden, pick the currants, and do all sorts of mischief, but she is a faithful setter and a good mother.

Ex-President Cleveland's horses and carriages are to be sold at auction in Washington sometime this week. He had at the White House and Oak View stables quite a handsome equine establishment. At first Mr. Cleveland thought that he would take the seal browns, the ways and his favorite single horse to New York, but a few weeks ago he decided to sell them all. In this he follows the course pursued by Mr. Arthur.

William Anderson asks to be legally separated from his wife, Libby. The pair were married in this county in 1887, and lived together a year. Complainant claims that his wife frequently left his bed and board, without any cause whatever, remaining away several weeks at a time. During her absence he had to make up the beds and wash the dishes. In view of the fact that he had secured a wife largely for this purpose, he was very much displeased by her action, and asks a legal separation.

At the inter-collegiate contest at Jefferson City Friday the first prize was awarded to Mr. A. M. Smith, of Central College, Fayette, and the second to Mr. J. W. Million, of William Jewell. These medals were both won in 1887 by William Jewell, and in 1888 the University took one and William Jewell took the other. Fulton sent over a very large delegation, about seventy-five in all, and the Chicago & Alton made a special trip for them at 1 a. m. in order that they might return home.

BETTIE SIRA INSANE.

The Poor Girl's Mind Hopelessly Wrecked—The Author of Her Ruin Still in Jail.

Bettie Sira has gone crazy. The poor victim of Dick Dusenberry's bestial appetite, after weeks of suffering, has succumbed to nature and is now a driveling imbecile. Henry Pledge, who lives with the Clark's, near Benton City, where the girl makes her home, was here last week for the purpose of seeing what steps were necessary to secure the removal of the girl to the insane asylum at Fulton. Mr. Pledge told a story of the poor girl's sufferings that would melt a heart of stone.

Since the outrage, which occurred last fall, Miss Sira has been living with the Clark family, near Benton. The Clarks are her relatives and the girl came from West Virginia to make her home with them. She has suffered constantly with a malady which manifested itself in violent twitchings, and the physicians who attended her had no hesitancy in pronouncing it a result of the assault. Convulsions were of frequent occurrence, but until a week ago no one thought the child's mind would give away. Last Monday the patient began to talk at random, imagining herself at her old home back East. Since that day, she has not been clothed with her usual good sense and a physician has expressed the opinion that she is incurably insane.

At the time the girl testified in court here when application was made for a bond for her assailant, she was quick in her answers and showed high intelligence. Miss Sira will be brought here this week and sent to Fulton by County Clerk Williams.

It will be remembered that Miss Sira is the girl whom, it is alleged, was so brutally assaulted by Dick Dusenberry, a Montgomery bartender. She was taken from a Wabash parlor car window, and getting aboard the train, he went up to the gentleman and extended his hand with the salutation:

"How are you, sir?"

"I'm pretty well, thank you," returned the stranger.

"How's Kansas?" asked Milo, assuming an off hand air.

"Kansas?" queried the stranger.

"Yes," said the conductor, "do you think prohibition will stick?"

"Prohibition?" gasped the traveler.

"Yes—good thing; but I'm afraid something must be done out there to brace up the cause. But the train is going, good bye, Governor!"

"Here—one moment," called the stranger, "who do you think I am?"

"Why, Governor St. John, of course."

"Well, that's where you're off. My name is Patrick McClurg, and I own the biggest saloon in Chicago."

Have You a Mother?

Have you a mother? If so, honor and love her. If she is aged, do all in your power to cheer her declining years. Her hair may have become white, her eyes may have dimmed, her brow may contain deep wrinkles, but she should never forget the holy love and tender care she has had for you. In years gone by she has kissed away from your cheek the troubled tear; she has soothed and petted you when all else appeared against you; she has watched over and nursed you with a tender care known only to a mother; she has sympathized with you in adversity; she has been proud of your success. You may be despised by all around you, yet that loving mother stands as an apostle for all your shortcomings. With all that disinterested affection, would it not be ungrateful if you if in her declining years you failed to reciprocate her love and honor her as your best friend?

We have no respect for a man or woman who neglects an aged mother. If you have a mother, love her, and do all in your power to make her happy.—*Christian at Work.*

Good Towns.
From the Arkansas Review.

In company with Bob Buckner, we made Hutton and Concord a brief visit last Saturday. At Hutton we visited the store of T. M. Freeman, who is a very pleasant gentleman, and enjoys an excellent trade, as he carries a good stock of goods. Hutton has two stores, the other store being run by my friend, Mr. Harding, who is the P. M., and who has recently added an addition to his store to make room for his large stock. The town also has a blacksmith shop run by Mr. Bright, who it is said, is an excellent smith. While Hutton is not a very large place, yet it is a splendid trading point. On our return, we stopped at Concord. This town at one time was one of the best towns in the county, but since the railroad has been built through Auxvasse, it has literally killed the town. We called on Mrs. Plunket and Mr. Leeper who who do the business of the town. They reported business very good at present. This was our first visit to these towns and we enjoyed the trip very much.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N. Y.

MISKAKEN IDENTITY.

Milo Keyes Adds Another Name to His String of Great Acquaintances.

Conductor Milo Keyes, of the Alton, whose run is from this city to the State capital, has a very extensive acquaintance among men whom the world calls great.

Mr. Keyes has always taken an interest in politics, and in the performance of his duty has met many men who have had in national affairs. He also knows a number of well-known writers, lecturers, artists and capitalists.

The newspaper reporter, when in doubt of the identity of some noted personage, always looks up Mr. Keyes and at once has his mind set at rest. On occasions when Mr. Keyes meets a judge, senator or other distinguished individual at the Union Depot, he always conveys his discovery to the newspaper.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Keyes noticed a familiar face in a Wabash parlor car window, and getting aboard the train, he went up to the gentleman and extended his hand with the salutation:

"How are you, sir?"

"I'm pretty well, thank you," returned the stranger.

"How's Kansas?" asked Milo, assuming an off hand air.

"Kansas?" queried the stranger.

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"Why, Governor St. John, of course."

"Well, that's where you're off. My name is Patrick McClurg, and I own the biggest saloon in Chicago."

IT'S MEAN TO TELL.
Nevertheless These Are Interesting Things For Men to Know.

From the New York Sun.

Women who have no taste in dress often discover, on donning widow's weeds, that they are positively pretty creatures. This is simply because, as their costumes are entirely black, they have no longer a chance to indulge a riotous fancy among colors that will fight. Most faces are wonderfully softened by enveloping folds of crape. Those who find it so seem never to forget the dear departed, but always cling to the mourning drapery. In nine cases out of ten the apparent devotion to the dead is only devotion to beauty-enhancing weeds. The few to whom it is unbecoming throw off the crape as soon as consistent with custom, and may really grieve in gray and browns and blues for a much longer period than the widow who persists in wearing black for years and years, ostensibly in memory of the deceased, but really because she looks well in it.

Have you ever noticed the Lily's smile. Lily Langtry, I mean. Peculiar, isn't it? Something undefinable, if you don't understand that it is not a smile at all, but a simulated one. She is not the only woman passing off counterfeit smiles, however. She comes out before the curtain after being applauded and bows graciously, her lips part showing two rows of teeth, and nearly everybody thinks she has smiled. No doubt she would enjoy doing it if she dared. But she doesn't dare, and so she palms off that simulated thing which is no more a real smile than stage heroism is true heroism.

Why doesn't she give us a true "Honey-Indian" smile? Because it would spring from eyes as well as lips and display crows' feet.

Do you know the reason long-handled eyeglasses sprang into favor with the ultra-fashionable? Well, you know ladies lace, don't you? Yes, everybody knows that, and those who know it from experience know it to their very great discomfort; for, with the sleeves made as tight as the skin, and the entire dress waist as close-fitting as compressed flesh and bones will permit, to lift the hand up to the level of the eyes, if it is a possibility (and sometimes it isn't,) is certainly a dangerous thing to attempt, dangerous because the tightly strained silk of the dress may split. Besides, it is a painful exertion. The expansion of certain muscles in an elevated position of the arm and shoulder beyond the narrow limits of the dress is positive torture. Hence the long handle to eyeglass and opera glass was a perfect boon. You will always see the slim waist, tight sleeves, and long-handled eyeglasses together.

Some peculiar freak of fashion brings in its train a dozen others. The sagacious dressmaker sees the adoption of a certain style, and she knows what will follow as well as the skillful chess player knows the result of moving a certain pawn. If such a thing is done that cannot be done, hence this must be done. It is as plain as the nose on your face, sir, or the rouge on your face, dear.

It Was a Boy.

"Can I send a telegram here?" asked a neatly dressed lady of Mr. Wilson, at the Union Depot ticket office, yesterday afternoon.

"Certainly," said the obliging Mr. Wilson, handing out a blank.

"Well," returned the lady; "may I ask you to write it for me? My gloves are in the way, you see."

Mr. Wilson took the blank and wrote as the lady dictated:

"Come on next train. It's a—"

Then there was a pause. Mr. Wilson looked up inquiringly, and was surprised to see the lady in a violent blush.

"It's a—what?" he asked, hoping to relieve her, though he couldn't guess what the trouble was.

"Oh, nothing; send it that way," said the lady, blushing deeper still.

"But it isn't complete," insisted Mr. Wilson.

By this time the lady had a quarter in her hand, and throwing it on the counter, moved away. When she reached the door she turned about to the astonished gentleman and in a stage whisper said: "It—it's a boy."

Then she vanished.

Weight of Corn.

The farmers in Southeast Missouri have forwarded the following petition to several members of the legislature:

Our law requires too much corn on the cob for a bushel. Shell fifty-six pounds of corn, weigh the cobs from it, they will weigh from nine to eleven pounds, according to the quality of the corn, an average of ten pounds of cobs, making sixty-six pounds the weight of a bushel of corn on the cob; therefore, we request that you will please try to have the law changed so as to not require so many pounds.

The shelves of the St. Louis Store are laden with the latest styles at the lowest prices. d&wf



Now is the time when weddings should be every day occurrences.

Half the promenaders about town last Sunday noted a young man and woman walking the principal streets and very conspicuously showing their affection for each other. The pair were well dressed and looked like sensible young people, but their actions set aside such a possibility. The young man's left arm found a resting place about the girl's waist, while the young woman's right hand was cozily tucked away in the youth's left pocket. In this attitude the two paraded street after street for several hours, apparently at peace with the entire United States. They were unconcerned and paid no attention whatever to the gaze of those who passed them and turned to watch the amusing spectacle.

There is more anxiety in Mexico just now over the new street railroad than the fulfillment of Irl R. Hicks' weather predictions for May. The ties are to be delivered by the 15th instant, according to reports, and by June 1 one mile of the line will be completed. Mr. M. C. Henshaw, of the new company, has completed his work of securing a "relinquishment" and has returned to St. Louis. Everyone is sanguine that the road will be built. The line will begin business with a good patronage.

This year's catalogue of the fair and race meeting will be issued very early. The fair book this year will be an unusually valuable catalogue and everyone should send their address to Secretary Glandon, requesting a copy. The premium list in every department is longer and more complete than ever. The catalogue is now being printed at the LEEGER job rooms and will be a first-class specimen of the printer's product.

Grover Cleveland's Private Life.
From the Providence Journal.

The other day as I was walking in Wall street I met Grover Cleveland and Col. Daniel S. Lamont swinging along to their offices. I had the curiosity, after saluting them, to stop and watch their retreating forms in order to discover whether they were recognized by the crowds they were passing through. They were not. It seems that they seldom are. The only times when the ex-President is recognized is when he is seated for a number of minutes in a horse-car or elevated train. Then some one is apt to place his features and to whisper the news among the rest. If the ride is as long as from Wall street to their hotel at Twenty-eighth street it usually happens that good Democrats or Mugwumps touch their hats or stop and shake hands as they are passing out. Mrs. Cleveland is far freer from this sort of attention. She is not recognized on the streets, and I hear of her being at three places to every one she is mentioned as going to. It certainly is a great town for losing one's self in. Think of it being possible, as is the case for William Dean Howells, easily the foremost American novelist, to be living quietly in Stuyvesant Square without any notoriety or annoyance. No paper has described his home or household and only the other day a member of his little family died and was buried, and not a word of the news crept into the city newspapers until a Connecticut journal called attention to the omission. At about the same time there was a published statement that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett had been visiting in town, but the word came from Washington.

A Tent of the Knights of the Macabees.

D. L. Hayward, Deputy Supreme Commander of the Knights of the Macabees, has been successful in organizing in this town a tent of the same. The following officers were elected and properly installed:

Past Sir Knight Commander, Dr. R. W. Berrey.

Sir Knight Commander, Robt. McDonough.

Lieut. Commander, Frank Wells.

Record Keeper, M. J. Bass.

Finance Keeper, Ed. Prussing.

Prelate, Mr. Clement.

Sergeant, Henry Precht.

Physicians, Drs. Baskett and Berrey.

Master at Arms, W. B. Marshall.

First and Second Guards, Messrs. J. Ballew and J. D. Pratt.

Sentinel, Thos. Forsythe.

Picket, J. Schofield.

FROM BRIDAL TO GRAVE.
The Peculiarly Sad Death of Ralph Coatsworth in This City Last Week.

Twice within a week the Coatsworth family have been called together at the old homestead in this city. Tuesday the young-est son, Frank, was married, and Saturday telegrams were recalling the member of the family to the funeral of the father, which took place last Monday morning, and was conducted by Rev. Matthews, of the Episcopal church, the deceased having been a life-long and consistent member of this church. At 8 p. m. Friday, Ralph Coatsworth, one of Mexico's most prominent business men, and one of the leading builders of this prosperous city, died of heart disease, surrounded by loving friends, none of his family being in the city. He was taken suddenly ill in the afternoon and only lived a few hours. Although only 72 years old he had been in failing health ever since the death of his wife, and lately was failing very fast. He leaves three sons, Jay, of Kansas City, Elwyn, of Laddonia, and Frank, of this city. It would seem that he had a premonition of death. The day after the wedding, which was a most joyous one, he absent-mindedly asked a friend: "Was Mrs. ——— at the funeral?" A few moments later, as he admired a beautiful bouquet presented to father by the bride, he sadly said: "So white, the flowers are all so white; well, well!" It would appear as though he knew the day which would relieve him of the burdens of this life and take him to the bosom of his departed helpmate, was drawing nigh. Mr. Coatsworth had been a resident of this city for about thirty years. He had the respect and good wishes of all who knew him, either as a